

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "Hot Sex"

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse One: Phife]*

Ayo who wanna pull on Phifer long time no hear from  
Suckers walkin' around talking about they could get some  
But that pop is non cypher, no can do  
And if you think I'm a dope, then ask the other crew  
And I proceed to let you know, exactly how to flow  
I'm not Lawn Doctor so just step off with the hoe  
Oops my mistake I didn't know you went with her  
Should I run down the line of the all the kids that done hit her  
Don't be bitter, I hear that honey resembles a critter  
I heard she likes to do one-one my man John Ritter  
But back to the subject you can't catch wreck  
You must get respect, to earn respect  
Suckers think they could herb me cuz know I where specks  
You're full of jokes, but you your name ain't flex  
I got the riches, the bitches, I'm large like a Huxtable  
You think you're all that but you're girl's quite doable  
Yeah, I'm tellin' you G, to back up off me  
I'm not a mad cohort, but I'm not Mr. Softee  
Rappin' is an art, coming straight from the heart  
So forget the chart because the action can start

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse Two: Q-Tip]*

Where ya at? To all my peoples with the funk  
I'm the undercover brother dump your hoe in the trunk  
Save all the sad songs and the tearjerkers  
Niggaz step up it's the lyrical worker  
The poems that I create ain't in paper back books  
The poems that I create are for hookers and the crooks  
My mental is excelling cuz I dabble in the books  
I'm not the one to front on, so suboops-suboops  
Yo I gets the pickens, I'm such a damn Dickens  
If you step to this then the plot just thickens  
I'll run you around the track like a bunny and a dog  
To me, your just another MC on the log  
A link on the chain, fluid on the brain  
I boast of hype lyrics, and yours are mardane  
See I can't maintain, especially if you come back  
I'm the lyrical master blaster, yeah I can do that  
I can also do your girl, so leave the hoe at home  
Cuz when I get done, I'll have her strung on bones

It's the no-joke pressure, that elevates my mind  
Makes me pick up and go when it's time to drop a rhyme  
My title is locked, the Abstract poetic  
I'm in the idle mode but my energy's kinetic  
So smooth and debonair, especially for the ear  
Gotta keep my thing in gear cuz it's evident and clear  
That I will rock, rock, rock *[fades away]*

*[Chorus]*